## STAND FAST, CRAIG-ROYSTON!

## BY WILLIAM BLACK.

DOUBTS AND DERAMS. And at first Vin Harris was for rebelliously thrusting aside and ignoring this information that had reached him so unexpectedly. Was he. on the strength of a statement forwarded by an naknown correspondent in New York, to suspect-nay, to condemn unheard-this proud and solitary old man with whom he had all this while been on terms of such close and friendly intimacy? Had he not had ample opportunities of judging whether George Bethune was the sort of person likely to have done this thing that was now charged against him? He went over these past weeks and months. Was it any wonder that the old man's indomitable courage. his passionate love of his native land, and the constant and assiduous care and affection he bestowed on his granddaughter, should have aroused alike the younger man's admiration and his gratitude? What if he talked with too lofty an air of birth and lineage, or allowed his enthusiasm about Scotland and Scottish song to lead him into the realms of rodemontade: may not au old man have his harmiess foibles? Any one who had witnessed Maisrie's devotion to her grandfather, her gentle forbearance and consideration, her skilful in him, must have got to know what kind of man was old George Bethune.

And yet, when Vincent turned to the letter. ft seemed terribly simple, and straightforward. and sincere. There was no vindictiveness in it at all; rather there was a pained surprise on the part of the writer that a loyal Scot-one. too, who had been admitted into that fraternity of song-writing exiles over the watershould have been guilty of such a flagrant breach of trust. Then Lord Musselburgh's patronage, as the young man knew very well. had taken the form of a check; so that the charge brought by the writer of this letter practically was that George Bethune had obtained, and might even now be obtaining. money by fraud and false pretences. It was bewildering thing-an impossible thing-to think of. And now, as he strove to construct all sorts of explanatory hypotheses, there med to stand in the background the visionary form of Mrs. Ellison: and her eyes were cold and inquiring. How had she come to suspect? It was not likely that she could be familiar with the Scotch-American newspaper offices of the United States.

No, he could make nothing of it; his perplanity only increased. All kinds of doubts surmises, possible excuses went chasing each. other through his brain. Perhaps it was only literary vanity that had promoted the old man to steal this project when it was placed before him? Or perhaps he thought he had a better zight to it, from his wide knowledge of the subject? Vincent knew little of the laws and by-laws of the literary world; perhaps this was but a bit of rivalry carried too far; and in any case, supposing the old man had erred in his eagerness to claim this topic as his own, surely that did not prove him to be a charlatan all the way through, still less a professional impostor? But then his making use of this scheme to obtain money—and that not only from Lord Musselburgh? Oh, well (the young man tried to convince himself) there might not be so much harm in that. No doubt he looked forward to issuing the volume, and giving his patrons value in return. Old George Bethune, as he knew, was quite careless about pecuthose little dinners at the various restaurants old gentleman made no further inquiries. these trivial details; and Master Vin was a system by which the awkwardness of calling

for the bill in Maisrie's presence was avoided; this system worked admirably, and Mr. Hethune asked no questions. Doubtless if he had remembered or taken the trouble he would have paid his shot like any one else.

But amid all these conflicting speculations there was one point on which the mind of this young man remained clear and unswerving; and that was that whatever might be the character or career of old George Bethune. his principles or his practice, Maisrie was as far anart and dissociated from them as if worlds intervened. If there had been any maifeasance in this matter, she, at least, was no sharer in it. And the more he pondered, the more anxious he became to know whether Maisrie had any idea of the position in which her grandlather was placed. How much would he be entitled to tell her, supposing she was in ignorance? And when could he hope for an opportunity? And then again, failing an opportunity, how was he to go and spend the evening with those two friends of his pretending to be entirely engrossed by the ittie amusements and occupations outdoers and in while all this time there was lying in his pocket this letter, unanswered and perhaps unanswerable?

pocket this letter, unanawaya unanawerable? Fortune favored him. Toward evening, a little before 6 o'clock, he heard a door shut on the other side of the street; and, lifting his head, he perceived that it was Mr. Bethune Bere was a chance not to be missed. Waiting for a couple of minutes to make sure that the coast was clear, he massed down stairs, crossed the little thoroughtare and knocked. The laudiady told him that Miss Bethune was upstairs, and up stairs he wont. The next moment a voice that he knew well invited him to enter, and therewithal the two young people found themselves face to face.

"You are early," she said, with a little smile of welcome, as she stopped in her sewing.

"Yes," said he, and he added quite frankly.

I saw your father go out, and I wished to speak with you alone. The lact is, Maisrie," he continued taking a chair opposite her. "I have heard from America to-day about that proposal I made—to get some one to collect

have heard from America to-day about that proposal I made—to get some one to collect materials for your grandfather's book; and the answer is rather a strange one—I don't quite understand—jerhaps you can fell me something about it." He hesitated, and then went on: "Maisrie, I suppose it never occurred to you that—that some one else in America might be proposing to bring out a similar book?" Bhe looked up quickly, and with a certain apprehension in her eyes.

"Oh, yes, I knew. My grandfather told me there had been talk of such a thing. What have you heard?"
He stared at her.

"You knew?" said he. "Then surely you might have told me!"
There was something in his tone—some souch of reproach—that brought the blood to her face; and yet she answered calmly and without resentment—
"Did i not tell you?—nor my grandfather? But perhaps neither of us thought it of much importance. It was only some ague talk, as I understood; for everyone must have known that no one was so familiar with the subject as my grandfather, and that it would be foolish fo try to interfere with him. At the same time I have always been anxious that he should get en with the book. for various reasons: an' if you have heard anything that will induce him to begin at once, so much the better,"
It was clear that she was wholly in ignorance of the true state of the case.
"No," said he, watching her the while. "What I have heard will not have that effect, but rather the reverse. To tell you the plain truth, the American or Scotch-American writer has finished his book, and it will be out almost directly."

sprang to her feet with an involuntary

gesture, and stood still for a moment, her lips grown suddenly pale, and her eyes bewildered; and then she turned away from him to hide her emotion, and walked to the window. In-stantly he jollowed her. "Maigrie, what is the matter!" he exclaimed in astonishment, for he found that her lashes

maisrie, what is the matter!" he exclaimed in astonishment, for he found that her lashes were wet.

"Oh it is a shame, it is a shame," she said, in broken accents, and her hands were clenched together, "to steal an old man's good name from him, and that for so small a thing! What harm had he ever done them? The book was such a small thing—they might have left it to him—what can they gain from it—"

"But Malarie—"

"Oh, you don't understand, Vincent, you don't understand at all," she said, in a despairing sort of way, "how my grandfather will be compromised! He understook to bring out the book; he got friends to help him with money; and now—now—what will they think?—what can I say to them?—what can I say?"

Her tears were running afreen now, and at sight of them the young man threw to the wiods all his doubts and conjectures concerning decorate Bethune's honesty. That was not the question now.

No, you shall not go to them!" said he, with indignant eyes. "You?—you go to any one—in that way? No, you shall not. I will go. It is

"No, you shall not go to them?" said he, with indignant eyes. "You?" you go to any one—in that way? No, you shall not. I will go. It is a question of money: I will pay them their money back. Tell me who they are, and the amounts, and they shall have every farthing of their money back, and at once. What can they sak for more?"

For a second she regarded him with a glance of almost more than gratitude; but it was only to shake her head.

"he, how sould allow rou to do that? What

explanation could you make? There must be some other way—often I have wished that my grandfather would let me try to earn something—I am willing enough—and I am never sure of my grandfather, because he can believe things so easily." She was calmer now, and on her face there was the curious look of resignation that he had noticed when first he saw her, and that seemed so strange in a young girl. I might have expected this, she went on absently and sadly. "My grandfather can persuade himself of anything; if he thinks a thing is done, that is enough, I am sure I have urged him to get on with this book—not that I thought anybedy could be so mean and cruel as to steple and forestial him—but that he might get free from those obligations; but I suppose when he had once arranged all the materials in his own midd he feet that the rest was easy enough.

once arranged all the materials in his own mind he feit that the rest was easy enough, and that there was no nurry. He takes things so lightly—and now—the humiliation—well, I shall have to bear that—

"I say you shall not," he said, holly. "I claim the privilege of a friend, and you cannot rofuse. Who are the people to whom your grandfather is indepted over this volume?"

he demanded.
"For one, there is Lord Musselburgh," she said, but indifferently, as if no hope lay toat way. "And there is Mr. Carmichael, who owns an Edinburgh paper—the Chronicle.

way, "And there is Mr. Carmichael, who owns an Edinburgh paper—the Chronote."

"Very well," said he promptly. "What is to hinder my explaining to them that circumstances have occurred to prevent Mr. Bethune bringing out the volume he had projected; and that he begs to return them the money they had been so kind as to advance?"

She shook her head again and sighed.

"No. It is very kind of you; you are always kind. But I could not accept it. I must try some way myself—though i am rather helpless—it is so difficult to get my grandfather to see things. I told you refore; he lives in a world of imagination and he can persuade himself that everything is woll, no matter how we are situated. But it was shameful of them, she said, with her indignation returning, and her lips becoming at once proud and tremulous. "to chest an old man out of so poor and small athing! Why, they all knew he was going to write this book—all the writers themselves—they were known to himself personally—and glad enough they were to send him their verses. Well, perhaps they are not to blame. Perhaps they may have been told that he had given up the idea—that is quite likely. At all events, I don't envythe miserable creature who has gone and taken advantage of my grandfather's absence—"

She could say no more just then, for there was a sound below of the door being opened

father's absence—"
She could say no more just then, for there was a sound below of the door being opened and shut; and the nort minute they rould hear old George Bethune coming with his active step up the flight of stairs, while he sang aloud, in fine bravura fashion, "Tis the march—'tis the march of the Cameron men."

aloud, in fine bravura fashion. "Tis the march — 'tis the march—'tis the march — 'tis the march of the Cameron men!"

The little dinner in the restaurant that evening was altogether unlike those that had preceded it. The simple and innocent gayety—the sense of snugae's and good comradeship—appeared to have it it. leaving behind it a certain awkwartness and restraint. Vincent Harris was sutirely perplexed. The story he had heard from America was in no way to be reconciled with Mai-rie's Interpretation of her grandfather's position; but was possible that the old man had concealed from her certain material facts, or perhaps had been able to blind himself to them. But what troubled the young man most of all was to notice that the old look of pensive reaignation had returned to Maisrie's face. For a time a brighter life had shone there; the natural animation and color of youth had appeared in her cheeks; and her eyes had laughter in them, and smiles, and kindness, and gratitude; but all that had gone now—quite suddeniy, as it seemed—and there had come back that strange sadness, that look of unresisting and hopeless acquiescence. Alone of the little party of three George Bethune retained his usual equanimity; nay, on this particular evening he appeared to be in especial high spirits; and in his careless and garrulous good humor he took little heed of the silence and constraint of the two youngerfolk. They made all the better audience, and he could enforce and adorn his main argument with all the lilustrations he could muster; he was allowed to have everything his own way.

muster: he was allowed to have everything his own way.

And perhaps Vincent, thinking of Maisrie, and her tears, and the hopelessness and solitariness of her position, may have been inclined to resent what he could not but regard as a callous and culpable indifference. At all events he took the first opportunity that presented itself of saying:

"I hope I am not the bearer of ill news, Mr. Bethune; but I have just heard from New York that some one over there has taken up your subject, and that a volume on the Scotch poets in America is just about ready and will be published immediately."

Maisrie gianced timidly at her grandfather, but there was nothing to fear on his account; he was not one to quali.

Maisrie gianced timidly at her grandfather, but there was nothing to fear on his account; he was not one to qualt.

"Oh. indeed, indeed," said he, with a lotty magnanimity. "Well, I hope it will be properly and satisfactorily done: I hope it will be done in a way worthy of the subject. Maisrie, pass the French mustard, if you please. A grand subject: for surely these natural and simple expressions of the human heart are as deeply interesting as the more finished, the more literary, productions of the professional poet. A single verse—rough and rugged as you like—and the living man stands revealed. Aye.aye.so the book is coming out. Well, hope the public will be lenient: I hope the public will will nearstand that these men are not professional poets, who have studied and written in letsure all their lives; it is but a homely lift they offer: but it is genuine: it is from the heart—and it speaks to the heart—"

"But grandfather," said Maisrie, "you were to have writen the book!"

"What matters it who compiles the pages?—that is nothing at all: that is in a measure mechanical. I am only anxious that it should be well done, with tact, and discretion, and modesty, "he continued—and with such obvious sincerity that Vlacent was more than ever perpexed. "For the sake of old Sectiand I would willingly give my beip for nothing—a little nuidance here and there—a few blographical facts—even an amended line. But afterail the men must speak for the most part been thought of desiral these worses have for the most part been thought of during the busy rush of a commercial life, and written down in a chance evening hour. It will be a message across the sea to show that Seculand's sons have not forgotten her. MaoGregor Creara—Hugh Alaslie—Evan MacColl—Andrew Wanless—I wonder if they have get Wanless—a ddress to the robin that was sent to him from Sectiand—you remember, Maisrie?

"There's mair than you, my bonie bird, Bee cressed the raging mais

'There's mair than you, my bonnie bird, Hae or seed the raging main. Wha mourn the by the the happy days. They il never see again. Sweet bird come sing a sang to me. Unmindfu' o our tile. And let us think we're ance again.

The book will be welcomed by many a prouc The book will be welcomed by many a proud heart, and with moist eyes, when it gets away up among the glens, to be read by the fireside and repeated at the plongh; and i think, Maisrie, when you and I take a walk along Prince's street in Edinburgh we may see more than one or two copies in the bookseller's windows. Then I hope Blackscood will have a friendly word for it; and I am sure Mr. Carmichael will allow me to give it a hearty greeting in the Weeldy Chronicle."

allow me to give it a hearty greeting in the Weelty Chronicle."

But, grandfather," said Maisrie, almost piteously. "surely you forget that you undertook to bring out this book yourself!"

"les, yes," said he, with perfect good humor. "But 'the best inid schemes o' mice and men, gang aft agiey.' And I do not grudge to some other what might have been mine—I mean the association of one's game with such a hand of true and loyal Scotchmen. No; I do not grudge it; ou the contrary, I am prenared to give the volume the most generous welcome in my power; it is not for a brother Scot to find fault in such a case, or to be niggard of his praise. I hope we are capable of showing to the world that 'we're a John Thampson's bairna."

Maisrie was growing desperate. Her grandfather would not understand; and yet how was she to speak plain—with Vincent listening to every word? And yet she knew that now he was aware of all the circumstances; concealment was impossible; and so she forced herself to utterance.

"Grandfather." said she, and her face was

ever word? And yet she knew that now he was aware of all the circumstances; concealment was impossible; and so she forced herself to utterance.

"Grandisther." said she, and her face was flushed a rose red, though she seemed to take no heed of her embarrasament, so carnest and imploring was her speech. "you cannot forget the obligations you put yourself under-to lord Musselburgh and Mr. Carmichael, and perhaps others. You undertook to write the book. If that is impossible now, it is a great misfortune; but at least there is one thing you must do: you must explain to them what has happened and give them back the money."

The old man could no longer shelter himself behind his gay and discursive optimism; he frowned impaliently.

"I have already told you, Maisrie." said he, in severely messured accents, "- and you are grown up now, you might understand for yourself—that there are times and seasons when the introduction of business matters is uncalled for, and in fact, unbecoming; and one of these is, surely, when we come out to spend a pleasant evening with our young irlend here. I do not think it necessary that we should discuss our business affairs before him - I presume he would consider such a thing somewhat inappropriate at a dinner table.

"Single's lips quivered; and her grandfather saw it. Instantly he changed his lone.

"Come, come," said he, with a cheerful good nature. "Enough, enough, I can quite comprehend how the rea argusta down may tend to give money, and questions offmoney, an overtrominence in the minus of women. But money, and the obligations that money may place us under, are surely a very secondary affair, to one who looks at human nature with a larger view. I thank tood, he went on, with much completency, "that I have never been the slave of a varice, that even he never been the slave of a varice, that even in times of great necessity I have kept subsidiary things in their proper schere. I do not boast; our disposition may be handed down without the accompanying efreumstances that developed i

mind. What I mean is that the use and wont of

conditions. It is a matter of common observation. You see people who are in possession of
large fortunes that have been built up by the
mean and grasping persistency of their toiling
and scheming ancestors, and with this great
wealth they have inherited the mean and graspiing instinct which produced it and which
is no longer necessary. It is only of set
purpose that such people can be generous—that they subscribe magnificeutly
to Mansion House funds, and give
splendid entertainments, and so forth: their
natural instinct is to anatch at every sixpence.
They will outwit you for the sake of a theepenny bit; and—when once they have made up
their mind to it—forgive son a debt of a thousand pounds. Now, the old man proceeded,
with a certain proud air, 'take the other frame
of mind, that has been developed by an assured
position, sufficient wealth, and the valuing
above all other things of honor and dignity and
the claims and obligations of birth and blood.
You perceive? You toilow me? The descendant of such a family may have inherited a
secon of the baser instincts of money setting
while enjoying little enough of the fortunate
circumstances that developed it in his forbears.
They have bequeathed him a mental attitude—
without the substantial conditions; that created
it. Very well; I. for one, do not repine. Much
rather would I be a proud pauper than a beddiing-spirited millionaire. I hope to see
things in their true light. I know where I
place money and the arts of money-getting
and money-saving in such small scheme of
the world as I have been able to make out for
my own guidance. No. I say nothing against
money; but I say let money and all things
connected with it be kept in their prore place.
which is altogether an inferior and subsidiary
one. You do not know, Mr. Harris, the writings of our Scotch poet Dunbar—the predecessor of Burne? Let me recommend them to
you. Let me recommend especially one verse
which may be serviceable to you, in these days
when the worship of Mammon would seem to
be this

Re merry, man, and take not sair in mind.
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To stod be humble to the friend be kind.
And with thy neigebor gladiv lend and borrow;
He biytice in heart for any aventure.
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
Without Gladness evalieth no Treasure.

He chance to much it may be thine to morrow.

He styrike in beart for any aventure.

For the first time since he had known them Vincent was glad to get away from his companions that night; the situation in which he found them and himself alike involved was altogether so strange that he wanted time to think over it. And first of all he put aside that matter of the Scotch-American book as of minor importance; no doubt some kind of explanation was possible. It all the facts were revealed, it was when he came to consider the position and surroundings of Maisrie Bethune that the young man grew far more seriously concerned; indeed, his heart became surcharged with an immeasureable pity and longing to heip. He began to understand how it was that a premature sadness and resignation was written on that pensive face, and why her eyes so rarely smiled; and he could guess at the origin of that look of hopelesaness, as though she despaired of getting her grandfather to acknowledge the realities and the responsibilities of the actual life around him. To Vincent the circumstances in which this young girl was placed seemed altogether tragic; and when he regarded the tuture that might lie before her it was with a blank dismay.

Morsover, he now no longer sought to conceal from himself the nature of this engressing interest in all that concerned her, this constants elicitude about her that naunted him day and night. Love had originally sprung from pity, perhaps: her loneliness had appeaded to him, and her youth, and the wisful beauty of her eyes. But even now that he knew what caused his heart to leap when he heapened to him, and her youth, and the wisful beauty of her eyes. But even now that he knew what caused his heart to leap when he heapened to him, and her youth, and the wisful beauty of her eyes. But even now that he knew what caused his heart to leap when he heapened to him, and her youth, and her regard sixed on him elf. He had asked her for a flower; that was all. Probably she had forgotten the mind had a supplementati

had beheld, as it were, in a vision; the sound of it, faint and sad and ominous, still lingered in his ears.

It was in one of these darker moments that he resolved, at whatever risk, to acquaint old George Bethune with something of his irresolute hopes and fears. The opportunity arrived quite unexpectedly. One morning he was as usual on his way to his lodgings when, at the corner of Upper Grosvener street, he met Mr. Bethune coming into Park Lane alone.

"Maisrie is well?" Vincent asked, in sudden alarm, for it was the rarest thing in the world to find grandfather and granddaughter separated.

"Oh. yes, yes," the old man said. "She has some household matters to attend to—dress-making. I thick. Foor lass, she has to be economical; indeed, I think she carries it to an extreme; but it's no use arguing with Maisrle; extreme; but it's no use arm I let her have her own way."

I let her have her own way."

"I wanted to speak to you—about her." Vincent said, and he turned and walked with the old man across the street into Hyde Park. "I have often wished to speak to you—and—and of course there was no chance when she herself was present—"

have often wished to speak to you—and—and of course there was no chance when she herself was present—"

He hesitated casting about for a beginning: then he pulled himself together, and boldly flung himself into it.

"I hope you won't take it for impertinence," said he. "I don't mean it that way—very different from that. But you yourself, sir, you may remember, you spoke to me about Maisrie when we were down at Henley together—about what her future might be, if anything happened to you—and you seemed concerned. Well, it is easy to understand how you should be troubled—it is terrible to think of a young girl like that—so sensitive, too—being alone in the world, and not over well provided for, as you have hinted to me. It would be so strange and unusual a position for a young girl to be in—without relations—without friends—and having no one to advise her or protect her in any way. Of course, you will say it is none of my business—"

"But you would like to have it made your business," said old George Bethune, with a biand and good-natured frankness that considerably astounded his stammering companion. "My dear young friend, I know perfectly what you would say. Do you think I have been blind to the friendly and even affectionate regard you have shown toward my granddaughter all this while, or to the pleas-

panion. Ay dear younk rised, I know perfectly what you would say. Do you think I have been blind to the friendly and even affectionate regard you have shown toward my granddaughter all this while, or to the pleasure she has enjoyed in having you take part in our small ansusoments? No. I have not been blind. I have looked on and approved. It has been an added interest to our lives: between you and her I have observed the natural sympathy of similar age, and I have been slad to see her enjoying the society of one nearer her own years. But now—now, if guess aright, you wish for some more definite tle."

"Would it not be better?" the young man said, breathlessly. "If there were some clear understanding, would not a great deal of the uncertainty with regard to the inture be removed? You see. Mr. Bethune, I haven't spoken a word to Maisrie—not a word. I have been afraid. Perhaps I have been mistaken in imagining that she might in time—in time—be inclined to listen to me—."If stopped: then he proceeded more slowly, and it might have been noticed that his cheek was a little paler than usual. "Yes, it may be as you say. Perhaps it is only that she likes the companionship of one of her own age. That is natural. And then she is very kind and generous: I may have been mistaken in thinking there was a possibility of something more."

He was silent now and abstracted; as he

more."
He was silent now and abstracted; as he walked on he saw nothing of what was around him.

He was silent now and abstracted; as he walked on he saw nothing of what was around him.

"Come come my friend!" George Bethune exclaimed with much benignity. "Do not ver yourself with useless speculations; you are looking too far ahead; you and she are both too young to burden yourselves with grave responsibilities. A boylsh and girlish attachment is a very petty and engaging thing; but it must not be taken too seriously—"

And here for a second a flash of resentment fired through Vincent's heart; was it well of this old man to sheak so patronizingly of Maisrie as but a child when it was he himself who had thrust upon her more than the responsibilities and anxisties of a grown woman?

"Take things as they are! Do you consider that you have much cause to complain, sither the one or the other of you?" old George Bethune resumed in a still lighter strain. You have youth and strength, good health, and a constant interest in the life going on around you; is not that sufficient? Why, here am I, nearing my three score years and ten; and every morning that I awake I know that there lies before me another beautiful interesting astisfactory day, that I am determined to enjoy to the very utmost of my power. To morrow into morow mover lyet Belonged it on shody—never was of any use to anybody; give me to-day, and I am content to let to-morrow shift for itself! Yes, he continued, in firm and proud and almost 10 you as accents, and he held his head erect, "you may have caught me in some unguarded moment—some moment of nervous weakness or depression—beginning to inquire too curiously into the future; but that was a transfent folly. I thenk God that it is not my habitual mood! Respining, complaining, anticipating; what god do you get from that?

send complain as most; but I do not waste my breath in remonstrating with "facile Fortune."

"If the first trained in the second in the second of the ber's with my susfi and bid her get out of my read if yelve her's wallop across the buttocks with my susfi and bid her get out of my read if Fickle Fortune." She may perfect the poor cous of a day, but she shall not perplex me—by God and St. Ringan!"

He jaughed aboud in his pride.

"Why," said he, suddenly channeling into quite another vein. "have you not ret come to know that the one priceless thing to think of in the world—the one extraordinary thing—is that at this precise moment, you can see? For millions and millions of years these skies have been shining, and the slowes moving and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the sear running blue all round the shores, and the mover looking at these and the fields; the world existed for them; but you could see nething. You were as if lying dead. Then world existed for them; but you could see nething. You were saif lying dead. Then your eyes are opened; and for a little while—a passing second—the universe is revealed to you. Don't you perceive that the marvellous thing is that out of the wast millions of ages it should be this one particular; moment, this present moment, that happens to be given to you? And instead of receiving it with amasement and wonder and joy, why, you must begin to fret and worry and lay schemes as if you were was matching the world existed for the marvellous thing

one moment when these things are made visible to you?"

Vincent perceived in a kind of way what the old man meant: but he did not understand why this should make him less concerned about Maisrie's position, or less wistfully coveious of winning her tender regard.

"Well, well," said old George Bethune. "perhaps it is but natural that youth should be impattent and eager to anticipate; while old age may well be content with such small and plactid comforts and enjoyments as may be met with. I should have thought there was not much to complain of in our present manner of life-if you will allow me to include you in our tiny microcosm. It is not exciting; it is simple and wholesome, and I hope not altogether base and gross. And as regards Maisrie, surely you and she have enough of each other's society even as matters stand, Let well alone, my young friend; let well alone that is my advice to you. And I may say there are especial and important reasons why I should not wish her to be bound by any pledge. You know that I do not care to waste much thought on what may lie ahead of us; but still, at the same time, there might at any moment happen certain things which would make a great difference in Maisrie's circumstances—"

Vincent had been listening in a kind of absent sent and hopeless way; but these few words instantly aroused his attention; perhaps this was the real reason why the old man wished Maisrie to remain free?

was the real reason why the old man wished Maisrie to remain free?

"A great and marvellous change, indeed," he continued, with some increase of dignity in his manner and in his mode of speech. "A change which would affect me also, though that would be of little avail now. But as regards my granddaughter, she might be called upon to fill a position very different from that she occupies at present; and I should not wish her to be hampered by anything pertaining to her former manner of life. Not that she would ever prove forgetful of past kindness; that is not in her nature; but in these new circumstances she might be confronted by other duties. Enough said, I hope, on that point, and well I know," he added, with something of a grand air, "that in whatever sphere Maierie Bethune may be placed, she will act worthiny of her name and of the obligations it entails."

suddenly paused. There was a poorly He suddenly paused. There was a poorly clad woman going by carrying in one arm a baby, while with the other hand she half dragged along a small boy of five or six. She did not look like a professional London beggar, nor yet like a country tramp; but of her extreme wretchedness there could be no doubt; while there was a pinched look as of hunger in her cheeks.

"Wait a bit!—where are you going?" old George Bethune said to her, in blunt and ready fashion.

The woman turned round startled and afraid.

"I am making for home, sir," she said, timidly.

tis."
"Where have you come from?"
"From Leatherhead, sir."
"On foot all the way?"
"Yes, indeed, sir," she said, with a bit of a sigh. And with very little food. I warrant?" said

"And with very little lood, I warrant?" said ha,
"Little indeed, sir."
"Have you any money?"
"Yes, sir—a matter of a few coppers left. I gave what I had to my old mother—she thought she was dying, and sent for me to bring the two little boys to see her—but she's better, sir, and now I'm making for home again."

better, sir, and now I'm making for home again.

"Oh. you gave what you had to your mother? Well." said he, deliberately. I don't know whether what I have will amount to as much, but whatever it is you are welcome to it." He dived into his trousers pockets and eventually produced about half a handful of shillings and pence; then he searched a small waistooat pocket and brought forth two sovereigns. It was all his weaith.

"Here, take that, and in God's name got yourself some food, woman!" said he, unconsciously lapsing into a pronounced Scotch accent. "You look starved. And this bit of a laddle, here—buy him some sweet things as well as broad and butter when you get up to the shops. And then when you're outside the town, you'll just give some honest fellow a shilling, and you'll get a cast of an empty cart to help you on your road. Well, good-day to ye—no, no take what there is, I tell ye, woman! Bless me, you'll need most of it before you get to your own fireside. On your ways, now! And when you reach the shops, don't forget the barley sugar for this young shaver." So he turned away, leaving the poor womau or overwhelmed that she had hardly a word of So he turned away, leaving the poor woman so overwhelmed that she had hardly a word of thanks; and when he had a cone for some little distance all he said was, with something of a rueful laugh:

"There went my luncheon; for I promised Maisrie I should not return home till near dincer time."

ner time."
"And you have left yourself without a farth-"And you have left yourself without a farthine!" the young man exclaimed. "Well that's
all right—I can lend you a few soversigna."
"No, no." said old George Bethune, with a
smile, and he held up his hand is deprecation.
"I am well pleased now; and if I should suffer
any pangs of starvation during the day. I shall
be glad to think that I can endure them better
than that poor creature with the long tramp
helore her. To-night," said he, rubbing his
paims together with much satisfaction. tonight, when we meet at Mentavisti's. I shall be
all the hungrier and all the happier. Ah, must
you go now? good-by, then! We shall see you
at 6:30. I suppose; and meantime, my friend,
dismiss from your mind those cares and anxious thoughts about the future. "To the gods
belongs to-morrow!"

Now this little incident that had just hap-

Now this little incident that had just happened in Hyde Park comforred Vincent exceedingly, Here was something definite that he could proudly set against the vague and unworthy susnicions of Mrs. Ellisson. Surely the man was no specious impostor, no sham preacher, no crafty schemer, who could so readily empty his pockets, and look forward to a day's starvation in order to help a poor and unknown vagrant woman! No doubt it was but part and parcel of his habitual and courageous disregard of consequences, his yielding to the generous impulse of the moment; but, if the truth must be told, Master Vin was at times almost inclined to envy old George ing to the generous impulse of the moment: but, if the truth must be told, Master Vin was at times almost inclined to envy old George Bethune his spieudid audacity and self-confidence. Why should the younger man be the one to take forethought for the morrow; while the venerable graybeard was gay as a lark, delighted with the present hour, and defiant of anything that might happen? And what if the younger man were to follow the precepts of the eider, and lapse into a careless content? Their way of living, as George Bethune had pointed out, was simple, happy, and surely harmiese. There were those three forming a little coterie all by themselves; enjoying each other's society; interested in each other's pursuits. The hours of the daylime were devoted to individual work; then came the giad reunion of the evening and the sallying forth to this or the other restaurant; thereafter the little diuner in the corner, with its glimpses of foreign folk, and its gay talk filled with patriotism and poetry and reminiscences of other lands; finally the hushed enchantment of that little parlor, with Misarie and her violin, with dominoes, and discussion literary and political, while always and ever there reigned a perfect frankness and good ellowship. Yes, it seemed a happy kind of existence, for these three. And was not old George Bethune in the right in thinking that he young people should not hamper themselves by any too graye responsibilities? A boyish and girlish attachment tas he deemed it to be) was a pretty and amusing and engaging thing—quite a little lidyli, in laget—but not

selves by any too grave responsibilities? A boyish and girlish attachment tas he deemed to be was a preity and amusing and engaging thing—quite a little idyl, in fact—but not to be taken too seriously. And where the future was all so uncertain, was it not better to leave it aione?

Specious representations, indeed! But this young man, who had his own views and ways of thinking, remained stubbornly unconvinced. It was because the future was so vague that he wanted it made more definite; and as he thought of Malarie and of what might betall her when she was alone in the world, and as he thought of his own far-resching resolves and purposes, he did not in the least consider the relationship now existing between him and her as being merely a protty little pastoral episode that would lead to nothing. No doubt their present way of living had many charms and fascinations, if only it would lest. But it would not leat: it was impossible it should lest. Looking back over these past months, Vincent was surely grateful enough for all the pleasant companionship intermingied with wisiful dreams he had enjoyed; but his temperament was not like that of George Bethune; the passing moment was not everything to him. He had an old head en young shoulders; and it needed no projound reflection to tell him that life could not always consist of the Restaurant Mentaysti and Le Claire Pomeine.

(2b be continued) to the continued

before the King, and Meneptah, who had sat long in sullen brooding silence, started when he looked on it. Then he broke into an angri

We have little need of thee to-night." he cried, as he saluted the symbol of Osiris.
"Death is near enough, we want not thy silent preaching. Death, Death is near!" He fell back in his gilded chair, and let

the cup drop from his hand, gnawing his beard. "Art thou a man?" spoke Meriamun, in a

low clear voice. "are you men and yet afraid of what comes to us all? Is it only to-night that we first hear the name of Death? He member the great Men-kau-ra, remember the old Pharaoh who built the Pyramid of Hir. He was just and kind, and he feared the Gods, and for his reward they showed him Death, coming on him in six short years. Did he scowl and tremble, like all of you to-night, who are scared by the threats of slaves? Nay, he outwitted the Gods, he made night into day, he lived out twice his years, with revel and love and wine in the lamp-lit groves of persea trees. Come, my guests, let us be merry, if but for an hour,

King. "Drink and forget; the Gods who give death give wine," and his angry eyes ranged through the hall to seek some eccasion of mirth and scorn.

"Thou drinkest not: I have watched thee as the cups go round. What, man, thou camest from the North! The sun of thy pale land has not heat enough to foster the vine. Thou seemest cold, and a drinker of water; why wilt thou be cold before thine hour? Come, pledge me in the red wine of Khem. Bring forth the cup of Pasht!" he cried to them who waited, "bring forth the cup of Pasht, the King drinks."

Then the chief butler of Pharach went to the treasure house, and came again, bearing a huge golden cup, fashioned in the form of a lion's head, and holding twelve measures of wine. It was an ancient cup, sacred to Pasht, and a gift of the Rutennu to Thothmes the Greatest of that name.

King. "Dost thou grow pale at the sight of the cup, thou Wanderer from the North? I pledge thee, pledge thou me!"

"Nay, King," said the Wanderer, "I have tasted wine of Ismarus before to-day, and I have drunk with a wild host, the Man Eater! forgot his wisdom, but the Queen marked the

"I pray thee, pardon me," said the Wanderer, "for wine makes wise men footish and strong men weak, and to-night methinks we shall need our wits and our strength."

"Craven!" cried the King, "give me the bowl. I drink to thy better courage, Wanderer," and lifting the great golden cup, he stood up and drank it, and then dropped. staggering, into his chair, his head fallen on his breast "I may not refuse a king's challenge, though

it is ill to contend with our hosts," said the Wanderer, turning somewhat pale, for he was in anger. "Give me the bowl!" ing a little forth to his gods, he said in a

He took the cup and held it high; then pourclear voice, for he was stirred to anger beyond his wont:

"I drink to the Strange Hathor!" set it down on the board, and even as he laid down the cup, and as the Queen looked at him with eyes of wrath, there came from the Bow beside his seat, a faint shrill sound, a ringing and a singing of the Bow, a noise of running

strings, and a sound as of rushing arrows. The warrior heard it, and his eyes burned with the light of battle, for he well knew that the swift shafts should soon fly to the hearts of and heard it the Lady Meriamun, the Queen, and she looked on the Wanderer astonished

and looked on the Bow that sang. The minstrel's tale was true! This is none other but the Bow of Odysseus, the sacker of cities," said Meriamun. "Hearken thou. Eperitus, thy great bow sings aloud. How comes it that thy bow sings?"

"For this cause. Queen," said the Wandsrer. because birds gather on the Bridge of War. Soon shall shafts be flying and ghosts go down to doom. Summon thy Guards, I bid

Terror conquered the drunkenness of Pharach; he bade the Guards who stood behind his chair summon all their company. They the Hall of Banquets and upon those who sat at meats therein. The silence grewdeadly still, like air before the thunder, and men's hearts sank within them, and turned to water in their breasts. Only Odysseus wondered and thought on the battle to be, though whence the foe might come he knew not, and Meriamun sat erect in her ivory chair and looked

down the glorious hall.

Deeper grew the silence and deeper yet, and more and more the cloud of fear gathered in the hearts of men. Then suddenly through all the hall there was a rush like the rush of mighty wings. The deep foundations of the palace rocked, and to the sight of men the roof above seemed to burst asunder, and lo! above them, against the inky blackness of the sky, there swept a shape of Fear, and the stars

shone through the raiment.

Then the roof closed in again, and for a moment's space once more there was silence. whilst men looked with white faces, each on each, and even the stout heart of the Wanderer Then suddenly all adown the hall, from this

place and from that, men rose up and with one great cry fell down dead, this one across the

derer grasped his bow and counted. From among those who sat ar meat twenty and one had fallen dead. Yet those who lived sat ganing emptily, for so stricken with fear were they that scarce did each one know if it was he himself who lay dead or his brother who had sat by his elds.

But Meriamun looked down the hall with cold eyes, for she feared neither Death nor life, nor God nor man.

And while sie looked and while the Wandersr counted, there rose a faint murmuring sound from the city without, a sound that grew and grew the thunder of myriad feet that run before the death of kins. Then the doors burst asunder and a woman sped through them in her night robes, and in her arms she bors the naked body of a boy.

"Pharach!" she cried. "Pharach, and thou, o Queen, look upon thy son—thy first-born son—dead is thy son, O Pharach. Dead is thy son, O Queen! In my arms he died as I tulled him to his rest." and she laid the body of the child down on the board among the vessels of rold, among the garlands of lotus flowers and the beakers of rese-red wine.

Then Pharach rose and rent his purple roles and wept aboud and Mariamun rose too. and her eyes were terrible with wrath and grief.

"See now the ourse that this evil woman, this false Hather, help begorate upon us," she said. had fallen dead. Yet those who lived sat gaz-

## Of Delicious Flavor.

There is no Baking Powder which produces such sweet and tasteful food as the Royal Baking Powder. One of the greatest of the claims of the manufacturers of this powder is that it leavens without fermentation or decomposition, and that the exact equivalents of its constituents are used, whereby a perfectly neutral result is obtained, which invariably guarantees that particular and peculiar flavor in bread so much desired and appreciated by all. In fact, the oldest patrons of this powder declare that they get not only a superlative lightness of the bread, but that the biscuit, cakes, muffins, &c., never taste quite so sweet or so good as when they are raised by the Royal Baking Powder. This comes from its perfectly uniform combination of the best and purest materials, as has been shown to be true by the recent examinations made by both the United States and the Canadian Governments, which reveal the fact beyond a question that the Royal Baking Powder is the most scientifically compounded of any in the market. The Royal gives a delicious flavor to the bread.

the smbaimers of the Dead: their hands were overful of work to-night, but they left their work undone. Death had smitten some even of these, and their fellows did not shrink back from them now. There came the smith, black from the forge; and the scribe bowed with endless writing; and the dyer with his purple hands; and the fisher from the stream; and the stunted weaver from the loom; and the leper from the Temple gates. They were mad with lust of life, a starveling life that the king had taxed, when he let not the Apura go. They were mad with fear of death; their women followed them with dead children in their arms. They smote down the golden furnishings, they cast the empty cups of the feast at the faces of trembling isdies, and cried aloud for the blood of the King.

of the king.

"Where is Pharach?" they relied; "show us Pharach and the Queen Meriamun, that we may slay them. Dead are our first born; they lie in heaps as the fish lay when Silor ran red with blood. Dead are they because of the curse that has been brought upon us by the prophets of the Apura, whom Pharach and Pharach's Queen yet hold in khem."

Now, as they cried they saw Pharach Meneptah cowering behind the double line of Guards, and they saw the Queen Meriamun, who cowered not, but stood silent accove the din. Then she thrust her way through the Guards, and yet holding the naked body of the boy to her breast, stood before them with eyes that flashed more brightly than the Uraeus crown upon her brow.

"Back," she cried," back. It is not Pharach, it is not I, who have brought this death upon you. For we, too, have death here!" and she held up the body of her dead son. "It is that False Hathor whom ye worship, that Witch of many a voice and many a face who turne your hearts faint with love. For her sake ye endure these wees, on her head is all this death. Go, tear her temple stone from stone, and rand her beauty limb from limb, and be avenged and free the land from curea."

A moment the people stood and hearkened, mutterling, as stands the lion that is about to spring, while those we love they sersemed.

"The Hathor we love, but you we hate, for ye have brought thene woes upon us, and ye shall die."

The Hathor we love, but you we hate, for ye have brought thene woes upon us, and ye shall die."

The Hathor was love, but you we hate, for ye have brought these woes upon us, and ye shall die.

The Hathor was love, but you we hate, for ye have brought these woes upon us, and ye shall die.

The Hathor was love, but you we hate, for ye have brought the serve when he serve we have a constitution of the weather when he here we have been also did what no woman but Meriamun would have done, he had be to year. From a continue the form of the weath of the weather we had been also did what no woman but Meriamun would have

ander the great Man-tan-ra, renombre the a just and kind, and he feared the Golds, and a just and kind, and he feared the Golds, and while the all of you to-induct, who are secured the titerate of sinears / Jax, he outlet when the second of the little selection of the l

A LOST BLEPHANT. A Great Search to Recover the Missing, Monster Empress. From the Philadelphia News.

"You wouldn't think that an elephant could get lost in the United States, would you?" asked Agent McCadden of the Forepaugh show to-day. Well, one did go astray," he continued, Adam Forepaugh had a habit of letting out his surplus animals to smaller shows, and when he died his executors had a queer time tracing

up his assets and making good the delivery of animals to the firm to which he sold the show.

"After considerable trouble all the animals were accounted for but one trick elephant named Empress, of whom the executors could get no trace. I received a letter from them one day with a special commission shunt up the missing animal.

"I moress was worth \$2,000 at a low estimate, and was really of much more value to a show which understood well how to exhibit her and make use of her tricks. After a careful search through the contracts it was ascertained that Empress had been let to a small show which started on a Western tour. With this clue I traced the abow through the West and back toward the fast until it reached a spot in the wilds of West Virginia.

"There it seemed suddenly to sink out of sight, and I was at a loss to know whother the animals were roaming over the bills and mountains, mired in some of the swampt valleys, or drowned in the Ohio River.

"Investigation revealed, however, that the undulating country had been too much for the show. The horses had become exhausted by climbing steep hills, fording streams, and dragging heavy wagons over soft roads. The proprietor was unable to keep up with his advertised dates, and his revenus being cut off. Then it was found by inquiry in the sparse.

vertised dates, and his revenue being cut off, the show busted.

Then it was found by inquiry in the sparse settlements that Empress had been driven to the Ohio liver and shipped up stream to litts-burgh. The elephant consumed about \$10 worth of food daily, and she was rapidly making her temporary keeper poorer. But at litts-burgh he pulled together all his resources and established a low-priced entertainment at hast Liberty, where the light least was made to do good service. There she was recently found, gaunt and lean. She will soon be turned over to Mr. Forebaugh's sucressors, who will see that her voracious appetite is appeared."

I was sitting in the rear end of a Chicago street car, and on the platform were the condue or and a young man of 20. I wasn't looking at either particularly when I saw the young man slide his hand down into the conductor's sack-coat pocket, where he kept his change. The conductor had his head turned away, but of a sudden he dropped his right band, caught the other man's wrist, and with a move which seemed the easiest thing in the world he beat the fellow's arm back and broke it with a snap. As the bone broke the victim's cienched band opened and a lot of silver was scattered on the pintform.

Got enough? asked the conductor as he let go.

"Got shough?" asked the conductor as a let go."

"Then git."

And the thief, who never even cried out, but whose face was white with the pain, dropped off the step and was lost to year.